

AS · YOU · LIKE · IT

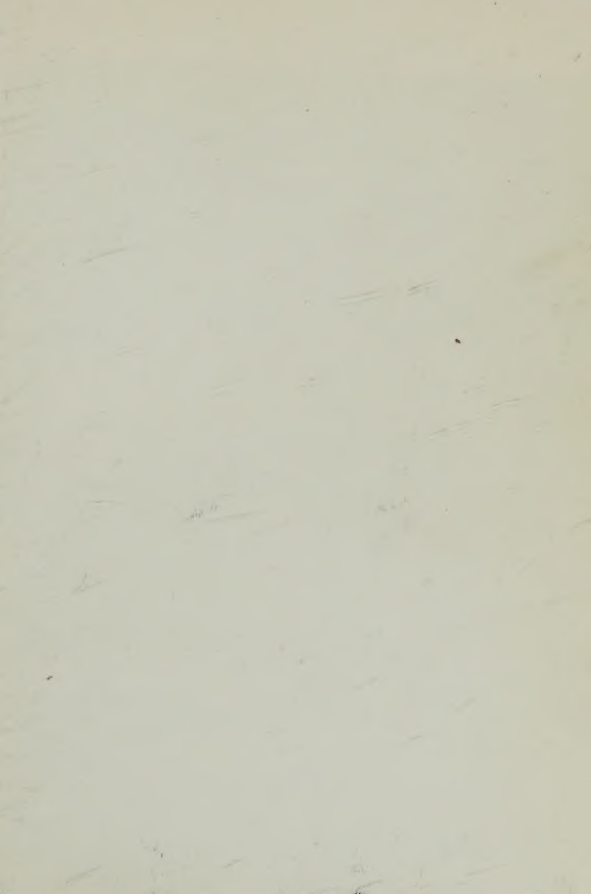


James M. Smith











*From the painting by J. Downman, R.A.*

“As You Like It.”

*Rosalind.* “Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune



The Stage Shakespeare

# As You Like It

Introduction

by

Austin Brereton

10 Pages of Illustrations,  
Glossary, Etc.

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# Introduction.

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## LITERARY HISTORY.

THIS serene pastoral play followed the more brilliant comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," and preceded the more farcically inclined "Twelfth Night." Although founded on a serious interest, and possessing its purely dramatic moments, it is a comedy admirably even throughout, and without a jarring note. Commencing with what might easily have been a tragedy, it concludes in an atmosphere of soft beauty, forgiveness, and peace. As usual, Shakespeare found the source of his story elsewhere than in his own fertile brain. For the outline of his plot he went to Lodge's romance—which in itself recalled "The Tale of Gamelyn," attributed to Chaucer—entitled "Rosalynde : Euphues Golden Legacie : found after his death in his cell, at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, noursed up with their Father in England." It was first published in 1590, and again in 1592, and, in his introduction, the author states that he wrote the story in order to while away the time during a voyage to the island of Terceras and the Canaries—"every line was writ with a surge, and every humorous passion counter-checkt with a storme. If You Like It, so ; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you will be mine in favour." Here, as will be seen, Shakespeare found the suggestion for his title, and he followed the original story closely. But he created three absolutely original characters—Touchstone, the first of Fools ; the cynical, melancholy Jaques ; and the country wench, Audrey.

It is also to be noted that, in Lodge, Rosalind and Celia represent themselves as a lady and her page. Shakespeare's poetical instinct may have induced him to make Rosalind pass for a boy in the forest scenes, or he may have made the alteration in order to facilitate the impersonation of the character, for, be it remembered, there were no actresses in his day. So that Rosalind, being played by a real boy, would appear perfectly natural in the greater part of the comedy. In any case, it was a happy thought, and, as our literature has been indebted by the alteration, so, many an actress has been enabled to create an effect which otherwise would have been impossible. When Rosalind speaks the epilogue and comes to the words, "If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me," etc., one often notices a titter in the audience, because the spectators know that the Rosalind before them is in reality a woman, and they laugh at the qualifying "If." When it is considered that the part was originally played by one of the boy-actors of Shakespeare's day, the reason for the qualification becomes apparent.

"As You Like It" was written at the end of 1599, or early in 1600, five years after the appearance of another volume from which Shakespeare derived further ideas. This was a book on the art of self-defence, called "Saviolo's Practise," the work of an Italian fencing-master in the employ of the Earl of Essex. Hence came suggestions for the wrestling scene between Orlando and Charles, and for Touchstone's well known description, in the fifth act, of "a lie seven times removed." The historic period of the play is the fourteenth century. "As You Like It," so far as we know, was first printed, with many imperfections and various indications of carelessness and haste, in the Folio of 1623.

## THE CHARACTERS.

The Forest of Arden is not, as some ingenious chroniclers assert, the district lying between the rivers Sambre and Maas and Meuse and Moselle. Arden is not Ardennes, save only in the suggestion of the name. It is a bit of the Warwickshire which Shakespeare knew and loved so well. Here, in this lovely bit of old England, the banished Duke and his companions "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Here, "nursed in solitude, 'under the shade of melancholy boughs,'" says Hazlitt, "the imagination grows soft and delicate, and the wit runs riot in idleness, like a spoiled child that is never sent to school. Caprice and fancy reign and revel here, and stern necessity is banished to the court. The mild sentiments of humanity are strengthened with thought and leisure; the echo of the cares and noise of the world strikes upon the ear of those 'who have felt them knowingly,' softened by time and distance. 'They hear the tumult and are still.' The very air of the place seems to breathe a spirit of philosophical poetry, to stir the thoughts, to touch the heart with pity, as the drowsy forest rustles to the sighing gale. Never was there such beautiful moralising, equally free from pedantry or petulance—

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

"Jaques is the only purely contemplative character in Shakespeare. He thinks, and does nothing. His whole occupation is to amuse his mind, and he is totally regardless of his body and his fortunes. He is the prince of philosophical idlers; his only passion is thought: he sets no value upon

anything, but as it serves for food for reflection. He can 'suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs;' the motley fool, 'who morals on the time,' is the greatest prize he meets with in the forest. He resents Orlando's passion for Rosalind as some disparagement of his own passion for abstract truth; and leaves the Duke as soon as he is restored to his sovereignty, to seek his brother out who has quitted it and turned hermit."

In the character of Rosalind, Shakespeare has depicted the deep, steadfast love of a true woman, and, under all Rosalind's joyousness, lies this sincere attachment, this passionate love and devotion. Rosalind's comedy scenes are instinct with gaiety, but the more serious side of her character should never be lost sight of by her stage impersonator. One of the most celebrated of our English players, the late Helen Faucit (Lady Theodore Martin), pointed this out in her admirable summary of the character—"At the core of all that Rosalind says and does, lies a passionate love as pure and all-absorbing as ever swayed a woman's heart. Surely it was the finest and boldest of all devices, one on which only a Shakespeare could have ventured, to put his heroine into such a position that she could, without revealing her own secret, probe the heart of her lover to the very bottom, and so assure herself that the love which possessed her own being was as completely the master of his. Neither could any but Shakespeare have so carried out this daring design, that the woman, thus rarely placed for gratifying the impulses of her own heart, and testing the sincerity of her lover's, should come triumphantly out of the ordeal, charming us, during the time of probation, by her pretty, womanly waywardness playing like summer lightning over her throbbing tenderness of heart, and never in the



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gayest sallies of her happiest moods losing one grain of our respect. No one can study this play without seeing that, through the guise of the brilliant-witted boy, Shakespeare meant the charm of the high-hearted woman, strong, tender, delicate, to make itself felt. Hence it is that Orlando finds the spell, which 'heavenly Rosalind' had thrown around him, drawn hourly closer and closer, he knows not how, while at the same time he has himself been winning his way more and more into his mistress' heart. Thus, when at last Rosalind doffs her doublet and hose, and appears arrayed for her bridal, there seems nothing strange or unmeet in this somewhat sudden consummation of what in truth has been a lengthened wooing."

### STAGE HISTORY.

The history of "As You Like It" on the stage, differs in one respect from Mr. Weller's knowledge of London, inasmuch as it is not "extensive." On the other hand, it is certainly "peculiar," for tragic actresses and comediennes have alike played Rosalind successfully, Sarah Siddons and Dora Jordan, not to mention their predecessors, Mrs. Pritchard and Peg Woffington, having competed for supremacy in the character. The early history of the play is a blank. It is not even on record that it was acted during the Restoration period; but, in view of its delicacy, it is no matter for wonderment that no room could be found for it in the riotous, debauched days of Charles II. Indeed, it is not until 1723 that we find any mention of its production in a theatre, and then it was only done in a sorry, mutilated adaptation. This was entitled "Love in a Forest," and was the work of one Charles Johnson, who was "famous for writing a play every year, and being at Buttons" [the celebrated Coffee-house, in Great

Russell Street, near Covent Garden] "every day." The sapient Johnson entirely omitted the characters of Touchstone, Audrey, William, Corin, Phebe, and Sylvius, except that the latter, in the second act, spoke some eighteen lines properly belonging to Corin. Johnson also interpolated passages from some other of Shakespeare's works, and added a very little of his own composition.

The adaptation was, in truth, a marvellous conglomeration. Here is an authentic account of the curious mixture: "Act I.—The wrestling between Orlando and Charles is turned into a regular combat in the lists. Charles accuses Orlando of treason, and several speeches are introduced from 'Richard II.' Act II.—When Duke Alberto enters with his friend, the speech about the wounded stag is taken from the First Lord and given to Jaques; in the next scene between the same parties, notwithstanding Touchstone is omitted, yet Jaques gives his description of meeting with a fool; much, however, of his part in this scene is left out very injudiciously. Act III.—The verses which Celia ought to read are omitted, and Touchstone's burlesque verses are given her instead. When Orlando and Jaques enter, they begin their conversation as in the original, and end it with part of the first act of 'Much Ado,' Jaques speaking what Benedick says about women; when Rosalind and Celia come forward, Jaques walks off with Celia. Rosalind omits the account of Time's different paces. Jaques returns with Celia and makes love to her, after which he has a soliloquy patched up from Benedick and Touchstone, with some additions from C. Johnson. Act IV. begins with a conversation between Jaques and Rosalind, in which he tells her of his love for Celia. In the scene between Orlando and Rosalind, considerable omissions are made, and

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Viola's speech ('she never told her love') is inserted, the act concluding with the second scene of Shakespeare's fifth act, in which Rosalind desires all the parties on the stage to meet her to-morrow. Act V. consists chiefly of the burlesque of Pyramus and Thisbe from 'Midsummer Night's Dream;' this is represented before the Duke, while Rosalind is changing her dress, instead of Touchstone's description of the quarrel. When Rosalind returns, the play ends much as in the original, except that Jaques marries Celia, instead of going in quest of Duke Frederick, and that the epilogue is omitted." This "preposterous pasticcio," as it has been aptly called, was dedicated to the Worshipful Society of Freemasons.

"As You Like It" was restored to the stage on December 20, 1740, when it was acted with great success at Drury Lane. James Quin was the Jaques, Mrs. Pritchard the Rosalind. Two years later, the play was revived at Covent Garden, Mrs. Pritchard being again the Rosalind. Five years later, Margaret Woffington represented the character at Drury Lane. Mrs. Pritchard (1711-1768) was of common origin and very illiterate to boot. She was a great Lady Macbeth, nevertheless, but she can hardly have been satisfactory as Rosalind, although she frequently acted the part. Peg Woffington, however, made the character entirely her own for the ten years which preceded her death, and it was when playing Rosalind that she was stricken with paralysis and was removed from the stage, to which she never returned. This was on May 3, 1757, at Covent Garden. The occasion was characteristic of the proverbial charity which is ingrained in the heart of the stage player. Some fellow performers were in need of a benefit, and Peg Woffington insisted upon giving her services, although she had been in indifferent health for

some time. An eye-witness, an actor who had offended the "lovely Peggy" by churlish behaviour, thus recorded the tragic scene. He watched the performance from the side of the stage. Mrs. Woffington "went through Rosalind for four acts without my perceiving she was in the least disordered; but in the fifth, she complained of great indisposition. I offered her my arm, the which she graciously accepted. I thought she looked softened in her behaviour and had less of the *hauteur*. When she came off, at the quick change of dress, she again complained of being ill; but she got accoutred, and returned to finish the part. When in the epilogue she arrived at, 'If I were among you, I would kiss as many as had beards that pleased me,' her voice broke, she faltered, endeavoured to groan, but could not; then, in a voice of terror, screamed, 'O God! O God!' and tottered to the stage-door" [the door which formerly stood at the side of the stage, in the proscenium, through which the players passed in order to take their calls] "speechless, where she was caught. The audience, of course, applauded until she was out of sight, and then sank into awful looks of astonishment, both young and old, before and behind the curtain, to see one of the most handsome women of the age, a favourite principal actress, and who had for several seasons given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of death, in such a situation of time and place, and in her prime of life." Such was the tragic ending of Peg Woffington. She lingered, a helpless invalid, until 1760, passing much of her time at Teddington, where she was buried. But she did not die there, as many people think. That event occurred on March 28 of the year named, at number six, Queen Square, Westminster.

One of the most interesting events in the history of Rosalind

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on the stage was the appearance of Mrs. Siddons in the character at Drury Lane, on April 30, 1785. Less than three months previously—on February 2, to be precise—the great actress had startled London by her vivid rendering of Lady Macbeth, and, naturally, her Rosalind attracted great attention. Naturally, also, opinions differed as to her interpretation. Thomas Campbell, in his “Life of Mrs. Siddons,” says: “After a successful transition from the greatest to the gentlest parts of tragedy” [alluding to her Lady Macbeth and Desdemona] “it would have been but one step further, in the versatility of genius, to have been at home in the enchanting Rosalind; and as the character, though comic, is not broadly so, and is as romantic and poetical as anything in tragedy, I somewhat grudgingly confess my belief that her performance of it, though not a failure, seems to have fallen equally short of a triumph. . . . Here alone, I believe, in her whole professional career, Mrs. Siddons found a rival who beat her out of a single character. The rival Rosalind was Mrs. Jordan; but those who best remember Mrs. Jordan will be the least surprised at her defeating her great cotemporary in this one instance. Mrs. Jordan was, perhaps, a little too much of the romp in some touches of the part; but, altogether, she had the *naïveté* of it to a degree that Shakespeare himself, if he had been a living spectator, would have gone behind the scenes to have saluted her for her success in it.”

The Rosalind of Mrs. Siddons is, however, praised by her other biographer, James Boaden, who considered it “one of the most delicate achievements of Mrs. Siddons. The common objection to her comedy, that it was only the smile of tragedy, made the express charm of Rosalind; her vivacity is understanding, not buoyant spirits; she closes her brilliant

assaults upon others with a smothered sigh for her own condition. . . . Mrs. Siddons put so much soul into the raillery of Ganymede as really to cover the very boards of the stage. She seemed, indeed, brought up by a deep magician, and to be forest-born. But the return to the habiliments of Rosalind was attended by that happy supplement to the poet's language, where the same terms are applied to different personages, and the meaning is expanded by the discrimination of look and tone and action—

‘To you I give myself, for I am yours.’”

It will interest the curious in these matters, to know that the salary of Mrs. Siddons at this period was twenty-five pounds a week. During the season in question she performed seventy-one times, acting seventeen characters. She played Lady Macbeth thirteen times, Desdemona five, and Rosalind on four occasions.

Dora Jordon, who outshone Mrs. Siddons as Rosalind, was, from all accounts, a delightful actress until the end of her career. Born at Waterford, in 1762, she made her first appearance in London in 1785, at Drury Lane, as Peggy in “The Country Girl.” Two years later, on April 13, 1787, she acted Rosalind, for her benefit, and with enormous success. Hazlitt says that it was not as an actress, but as herself that she charmed every one. “Nature had formed her in her most prodigal humour ; and when nature is in the humour to make a woman all that is delightful, she does it most effectually. Her face, her tones, her manner, were irresistible ; her smile had the effect of sunshine, and her laugh did one good to hear it ; her voice was eloquence itself, it seemed as if her heart were always at her mouth. She was all gaiety, openness, and

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good nature; she rioted in her fine animal spirits, and gave more pleasure than any other actress, because she had the greatest spirit of enjoyment in herself." In our own day, Miss Ellen Terry has many of the qualities which helped Mrs. Jordan to success—that same irresistible joyousness of life, for instance; and Mrs. Jordan, like Miss Terry, could touch the pathetic stop when it was necessary. Hence, she was excellent as Ophelia and Rosalind, and her Viola, in "Twelfth Night," was a tender and exquisite performance, combining feeling with sportive grace, and creating as much effect by the "music of her melancholy as the music of her laugh." When she was fifty, she played Rosalind, we are assured, "perfectly." In her earlier days, wrote Charles Lamb, her voice "sank, with her steady, melting eye, into the heart. Her joyous parts, in which her memory now chiefly lives, in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an account how [as Viola] she delivered the story of her love for Orsino. . . . She used no rhetoric in her passion; or, it was nature's own rhetoric, most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law."

"As You Like It" was revived by Macready at Drury Lane on October 1, 1842. Macready was the Jaques, Mrs. Nisbett the Rosalind. But this was not one of his most successful productions. Helen Faucit played Rosalind with fine feeling and great intelligence. "It is clear that she has entered into the soul of Rosalind," wrote a contemporary, "nor realised that alone, but all the life of the woman, and her surroundings as well. Rosalind's words, therefore, sparkle upon her lips as if they were the offspring of the moment, or deepen into tenderness as if her very Orlando were thrilling her heart with tones that are but faint echoes of her own emotion. All she



says and does seems to grow out of the situation, as if it were seen and heard for the first time."

In more recent days, Mrs. Kendal appeared—in 1875, at the Opera Comique, and in 1885, at the St. James's Theatre—as Rosalind. But this splendid actress is not fitted to such a character. On February 25, 1880, a poetical revival of "As You Like It" was given at the Imperial Theatre by the late Miss Marie Litton. The manageress appeared as Rosalind, Mr. Hermann Vezin was the Jaques, Mr. Lionel Brough the Touchstone, Mr. Kyrle Bellew the Orlando. Incomparably the best of all Rosalinds of the later half of the nineteenth century was Lilian Adelaide Neilson, an actress who, to great personal charms—including a most musical voice—added a depth of feeling and a power to which the stage of to-day is largely a stranger. Mr. George Alexander revived the comedy at the St. James's Theatre on December 2, 1896. He was the Orlando, Miss Julia Neilson was the Rosalind, Miss Dorothea Baird the Phebe, and Mr. H. V. Esmond the Touchstone. One hundred and fifteen performances were given.

AUSTIN BRERETON.

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"It would be difficult to bring the contents of 'As You Like It' within the compass of an ordinary narrative; nothing takes place, or rather, what is done is not so essential as what is said; even what may be called the *dénouement* is brought about pretty arbitrarily. Whoever can perceive nothing but what can, as it were, be counted on the fingers, will hardly be disposed to allow that it has any plan at all. Banishment and flight have assembled together, in the forest of Arden, a strange band; a duke dethroned by his brother, who, with the



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faithful companions of his misfortune, lives in the wilds on the produce of the chase; two disguised princesses, who love each other with a sisterly affection; a witty court fool; lastly, the native inhabitants of the forest, ideal and natural shepherds and shepherdesses—these lightly-sketched figures form a motley and diversified train; we see always the shady dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or of toil; they flow on unnumbered by voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness, to which, according to his humour or disposition, every one yields himself, and this unrestrained freedom compensates them all for the lost conveniences of life. One throws himself down in solitary meditation under a tree, and indulges in melancholy reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-inflicted torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs, to the accompaniment of their hunting-horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition have been left behind in the city; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this wilderness, where it indicates the same language alike to the simple shepherd and the chivalrous youth who hangs his love-ditty on a tree. A prudish shepherdess falls at first sight in love with Rosalind, disguised in men's apparel; the latter sharply reproaches her with her severity to her poor lover, and the pain of refusal, which she feels from experience in her own case, disposes her at length to compassion and requital. The fool carries his philosophical contempt of external show, and his raillery of the illusion of love so far, that he purposely seeks out the ugliest and simplest country wench for a mistress. Throughout the whole picture, it seems to be the poet's design

to show that to call forth the poetry which has its indwelling in nature and in the human mind, nothing is wanted but to throw off all artificial restraint, and restore both to mind and nature their original liberty. In the progress of the piece, the dreamy carelessness of such an existence is sensibly expressed ; it is even alluded to by Shakespeare in the title. Whoever affects to be displeased, if in this romantic forest the ceremonial of dramatic art is not duly observed, ought in justice to be delivered to the wise fool, to be led gently out of it to some prosaical region."—*Schlegel*.

“ ‘As You Like It’ is not one of Shakespeare’s greatest plays ; it is merely one of his most delightful works, delightful alike to reader and to critic, if only on account of its perfect simplicity of motive. We are out in the open air ; we hear the wind rustling in the fragrant leaves of the fairy-land of Arden ; and we are far too lazy and too genially contented to think of purposes, and leading ideas, and things philosophic. We take the play as it is, without peering beneath the surface for subtle significance, and never once does Touchstone’s query rise to our lips—‘Hast any philosophy in thee?’ Only the most Teutonic of Teutons would look for a *tendenz* in this fantastic study of an impossible Arcadia, a pastoral Utopia which ‘never was on sea or land.’ For ‘As You Like It’ is, I take it, from beginning to end, purely ideal ; the characters, or some of them, we may possibly have met, but their life and environment exist only in the fine frenzy of the poet. And we need not wonder that it should be so, not, at any rate, if we remember when the play was written. It came immediately after the great historic trilogy. Shakespeare had sounded forth to all the world the silver note of patriotism, and carried men’s

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minds back from a splendid present to an equally splendid and imperishable past, and made an incomparable appeal to the old and eternally fresh sentiment—*pro focis et aris*. And now he hangs up his arms in the temple of the goddess of war, and steeps himself in the freshness and fairness of a life where sorrow and sin are not, where truth is on every shepherd's tongue, where the time fleets by as it did in the golden days of Saturn, where destiny herself deigns to smile, and where the thought of each and all is—'Come live with me and be my love.' Such the *mise-en-scène*, such the atmosphere of careless buoyancy—and with what art is the latter maintained throughout! True, we are told of 'the uses of adversity.' But Adversity here, as some one has said, is really a fourth Grace, less celebrated by the poets because so seldom seen, but none the less a true sister of the classic Three. She lays the lightest of chastening hands on her children, just revealing 'the humourous sadness' of existence, and no more; she is not the pitiless goddess whose stony glare chills and kills the gazer; she is in perfect harmony with the tone of a play in which no deep chord of passion is ever struck."—*A. Wilson Verity*.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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DUKE, *living in banishment.*

FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, } *lords attending on the banished duke.*  
JAQUES, }

LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*

OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*  
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } *servants to Oliver.*  
DENIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*

CORIN, } *shepherds.*  
SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished duke.*

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords, pages, attendants, etc.

SCENE : *Near Oliver's house ; Duke Frederick's court ; and the Forest of Arden.*

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## Act First.

### Scene I.

*Orchard of Oliver's house.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion; bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me;

and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Enter Oliver.*

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much

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Act I., Sc. 1.

of my father in me as you ; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy !

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain ?

*Orl.* I am no villain ; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys ; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so : thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient : for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be troubled with you ; you shall have some part of your will : I pray you, leave me.

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*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

*[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.]*

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter Dennis.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. *[Exit Dennis.]* 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him.







*Photo: Alfred Ellis & Walery, London.*

"As You Like It" (Mr. H. V. Esmond as Touchstone).  
*Touchstone.* "The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what  
wise men speak foolishly." Act I., Sc. II.

# As You Like It.

Act I., Sc. 1.

whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke ; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father ?

*Cha.* O, no ; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live ?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England : they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke ?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender ; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in : therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook

such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will

# As You Like It.

Act I., Sc. 2.

I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [Exit.

## Scene 2.

*Lawn before the Duke's palace.*

*Enter Celia and Rosalind.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Act I., Sc. 2.

As You Like It.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

# As You Like It.

Act I., Sc. 2.

*Enter Touchstone.*

*Cel.* No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were ; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any ; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Prithee, who is't that thou meanest ?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him : enough ! speak no more of him ; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou sayest true ; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

*Cel.* All the better ; we shall be the more marketable.

*Enter Le Beau.*

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau : what's the news ?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport ! of what colour ?



# As You Like It.

Act I., Sc. 2.

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam ! how shall I answer you ?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said : that was laid on with a trowel.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies : I would have told you  
of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning ; and, if it please  
your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is  
yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to  
perform it.

*Cel.* Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth  
and presence.

*Ros.* With bills on their necks, “ Be it known unto all men  
by these presents.”

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles,  
the duke’s wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw  
him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope  
of life in him : so he served the second, and so the  
third. Yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father,  
making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders  
take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas !

Act I., Sc. 2.

As You Like It.

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the



*Photo: Alfred Ellis & Walery, London.*

"As You Like It" (Miss Dorothea Baird as Rosalind).  
*Rosalind.* "Well, this is the forest of Arden." Act II., Sc. IV.



# As You Like It.

Act I., Sc. 2.

challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so : I'll not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler ?

*Orl.* No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts ; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that

was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*They wrestle.*]

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*Shout. Charles is thrown.*]

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

# As You Like It.

Act I., Sc. 2.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else :  
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy :  
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth :  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

*[Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.]*

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,  
His youngest son ; and would not change that calling,  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind :  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,  
Ere he should thus have ventured.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him :  
My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved :  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.*

Gentleman,

*[Giving him a chain from her neck.]*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.  
Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.*

Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back : my pride fell with my fortunes ;  
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?  
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.*

Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you. Fare you well.

*[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]*

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Re-enter Le Beau.*

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved  
High commendation, true applause and love,



# As You Like It.

Act I., Sc. 2.

Yet such is now the duke's condition  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The duke is humorous : what he is indeed,  
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me this ;  
Which of the two was daughter of the duke  
That here was at the wrestling ?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;  
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter :  
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
But I can tell you that of late this duke  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,  
Grounded upon no other argument  
But that the people praise her for her virtues  
And pity her for her good father's sake ;  
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well :  
Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;  
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother :  
But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*]

Scene 3.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter Celia and Rosalind.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy!  
not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon  
curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with  
reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one  
should be lamed with reasons and the other mad  
without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full  
of briers is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in  
holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths,  
our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in  
my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry "hem" and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than  
myself!

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in  
despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of

# As You Like It.

Act I., Sc. 3.

service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The duke my father loved his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste  
And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our public court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:  
If with myself I hold intelligence  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,  
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—  
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,

Never so much as in a thought unborn  
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors :  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself :  
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor :  
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your highness took his dukedom ;  
So was I when your highness banish'd him :  
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,  
Else had she with her father ranged along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay ;  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse :  
I was too young that time to value her ;  
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,

# As You Like It.

Act I., Sc. 3.

Her very silence and her patience  
Speak to the people, and they pity her  
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous  
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips :  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege :  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself :  
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go ?  
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin ;  
Prithee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke  
Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :  
Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?  
No : let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go and what to bear with us ;  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out ;  
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go ?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
 Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !  
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire  
 And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;  
 The like do you : so shall we pass along  
 And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
 Because that I am more than common tall,  
 That I did suit me all points like a man ?  
 A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
 A boar-spear in my hand ; and—in my heart  
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—  
 We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
 As many other mannish cowards have  
 That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page ;  
 And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
 But what will you be call'd ?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state ;  
 No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

# As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. I.

The clownish fool out of your father's court ?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together,

Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight. Now go we in content

To liberty and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act Second.

Scene I.

*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords,  
like foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court ?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say  
"This is no flattery : these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am."  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;  
And this our life exempt from public haunt  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.  
I would not change it.

*Ami.* Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should in their own confines with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored.

*First Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along  
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears







*From the painting by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.*

"As You Like It" (Rosalind). "O Jupiter! how w



*By permission of Henry Graves & Co.*

l, Celia, and Touchstone).  
re my spirits!" Act II., Sc. IV.



# As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. 1.

Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

*First Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;  
“ Poor deer,” quoth he “ thou makest a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much :” then, being there alone,  
Left and abandon’d of his velvet friends,  
“ ’Tis right,” quoth he ; “ thus misery doth part  
The flux of company :” anon a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him  
And never stays to greet him ; “ Ay,” quoth Jaques,  
“ Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
’Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?”  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what’s worse,  
To fright the animals and to kill them up  
In their assign’d and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

*Sec. Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place :

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

*First Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be : some villains of my court

Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*First Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,

Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early

They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

*Sec. Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,

Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,

That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;

# As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. 3.

I'll make him find him : do this suddenly,  
And let not search and inquisition quail  
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

## Scene 3.

*Before Oliver's house.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What, my young master? O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory  
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?  
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours : your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives :  
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—  
Yet not the son, I will not call him son

Of him I was about to call his father—  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie  
And you within it : if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off.  
I overheard him and his practices.  
This is no place ; this house is but a butchery :  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road ?  
This I must do, or know not what to do :  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame  
And unregarded age in corners thrown :  
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;  
All this I give you. Let me be your servant :  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;  
For in my youth I never did apply



Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility ;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways ; we'll go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week :  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena,  
and Touchstone.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat : therefore courage, good Aliena !

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you ; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden ; the more fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place : but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

*Enter Corin and Silvius.*

Look you, who comes here ; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her !

# As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. 4.

*Cor.* I partly guess ; for I have loved ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :  
But if thy love were ever like to mine—  
As sure I think did never man love so—  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not loved :  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not loved :  
Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! [*Exit.*

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I  
broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that  
for coming a-night to Jane Smile ; and I remember the  
kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty  
chopt hands had milked ; and I remember the wooing  
of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two

cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers ; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove, Jove ! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine ; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man  
If he for gold will give us any food :  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown !

*Ros.* Peace, fool : he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls ?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed :  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her  
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;





*Photo: Alfred Ellis & Walery, London.*

"As You Like It" (Mr. George Alexander as Orlando).  
*Orlando* "I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them  
ill-favouredly." Act III., Sc. II.

# As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. 4.

But I am shepherd to another man  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze :  
My master is of churlish disposition  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality :  
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed  
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,  
That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold :  
Go with me : if you like upon report  
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*  
c

Scene 5.

*The forest.*

*Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.*

SONG.

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck  
melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.  
More, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged : I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to  
sing. Come, more ; another stanza : call you 'em stanzas ?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me  
nothing. Will you sing ?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you ;  
but that they call compliment is like the encounter of  
two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily,



## As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. 5.

methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while ; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company : I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

### SONG.

Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes :—

If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame :

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that "ducdame" ?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.

I'll go sleep, if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke : his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene 6.

*The forest.*

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air :

# As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. 7.

come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! [Exeunt.

## Scene 7.

### *The forest.*

*A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast ;  
For I can no where find him like a man.

*First Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence :  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  
Go, seek him : tell him I would speak with him.

### *Enter Jaques.*

*First Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,  
That your poor friends must woo your company ?  
What, you look merrily !

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool ; a miserable world !  
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.

Act II., Sc. 7.

As You Like It.

“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth he,  
“Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune :”  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, “It is ten o’clock :  
Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags :  
’Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
And after one hour more ’twill be eleven ;  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;  
And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,  
And I did laugh sans intermission  
An hour by his dial. O noble fool !  
A worthy fool ! Motley’s the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this ?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool ! One that hath been a courtier,  
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm’d  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool !  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit ;

## As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. 7.

Provided that you weed your better judgements  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have ;  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so ?  
The " why " is plain as way to parish church :  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob : if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomized  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley ; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but good ?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;  
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private party ?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the weary very means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?  
Or what is he of basest function  
That says his bravery is not on my cost,  
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; how then? what then? Let me see  
wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,  
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point  
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred

# As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. 7.

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say :  
He dies that touches any of this fruit  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food ; and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you :

I thought that all things had been savage here ;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;

If ever you have look'd on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear

And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :

And therefore sit you down in gentleness  
And take upon command what help we have  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed,  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye ; and be blest for your good comfort !

[*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy :  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world 's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players :  
They have their exits and their entrances ;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad



# As You Like It.

Act II., Sc. 7.

Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable burden  
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need :

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you  
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.  
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

*Ami.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :

Then, heigh-ho, the holly !

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot :

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho ! sing, &c.

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,  
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke  
That loved your father : the residue of your fortune,  
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

Act Third.

Scene 1.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be :  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;  
Seek him with candle ; bring him dead or living  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine  
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth  
Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O that your highness knew my heart in this !  
I never loved my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors ;  
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands :  
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*The forest.*

*Enter Orlando, with a paper.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :  
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;  
That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [Exit.

*Enter Corin and Touchstone.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone ?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he that hath learned

## As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 2.

no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding  
or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in  
court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damned.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope.

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all  
on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never  
sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good  
manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and  
wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in  
a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good  
manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country  
as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at  
the court. You told me you salute not at the court,  
but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be  
uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells,  
you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is  
not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat  
of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I  
say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.



*Photo: W. & D. Downey, London.*

"As You Like It" (Miss Mary Anderson as Rosalind).

*Rosalind.* "Her worth being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind." Act III., Sc. II.





# As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 2.

*Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lined  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no fair be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind.

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and  
suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right  
butter-women's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind.  
Winter garments must be lined,  
So must slender Rosalind. *A*  
They that reap must sheaf and bind;  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find  
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

*J* This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you  
infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool ! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter Celia, with a writing.*

*Ros.* Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

*Cel.* [*Reads*]

Why should this a desert be ?

For it is unpeopled ? No :

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show :

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age ;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

# As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 2.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged  
That one body should be fill'd  
With all graces wide-enlarged :  
Nature presently distill'd  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
Cleopatra's majesty,  
Atalanta's better part,  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devised,  
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,  
To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.

*Ros.* O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried "Have patience, good people!"

*Cel.* How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little.  
Go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear

themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

*Ros.* I prithee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that

## As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 2.

thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

*Cel.* I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Act III., Sc. 2.

As You Like It.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn

*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

*Enter Orlando and Jaques.*

*Ros.* 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

## As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 2.

*Orl.* And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake,  
I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God be wi' you : let 's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name ?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of ?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings ?

*Orl.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit : I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drowned in the brook : look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good Signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure : adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

*Ros.* [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester ?

*Orl.* Very well : what would you ?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is 't o' clock ?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day : there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time ? had not that been as proper ?

*Ros.* By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal ?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the



# As You Like It.

## Act III., Sc. 2.

contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized :  
if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard  
that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that  
hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he  
cannot study and the other lives merrily because he  
feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and  
wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of  
heavy tedious penury ; these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as  
softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon  
there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep between  
term and term and then they perceive not how Time  
moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts  
of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could  
purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many : but indeed an old  
religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in  
his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too

well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prithee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply

## As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 2.

your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue : then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation ; but you are no such man ; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it ! you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does : that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so ?

*Ros.* Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : at which time would I, being but a moonish

youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour ; would now like him, now loathe him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness ; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him ; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will : tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it and I'll show it you : and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go ?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go ?

[*Exeunt.*]

# As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 3.

## Scene 3.

*The forest.*

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey ; Jaques behind.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey : I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq. [Aside]* O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* [*Aside*] A material fool!

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

*Jaq.* [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "many a man knows no end of his goods:" right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single

# As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 3.

man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

*Enter Sir Oliver Martext.*

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as

Act III., Sc. 4.

As You Like It.

they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

Scene 4.

*The forest.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.



# As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 4

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* "Was" is not "is:" besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday and had much question

with him : he asked me of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose : but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here ?

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him ?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove :  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.  
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

*[Exeunt.]*

Scene 5.

*Another part of the forest.*

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe ;  
Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon : will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner :  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye :  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;  
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :  
Now counterfeit to swoon ; why now fall down ;  
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers !  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*Sil.*

O dear Phebe,

If ever,—as that ever may be near,—  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

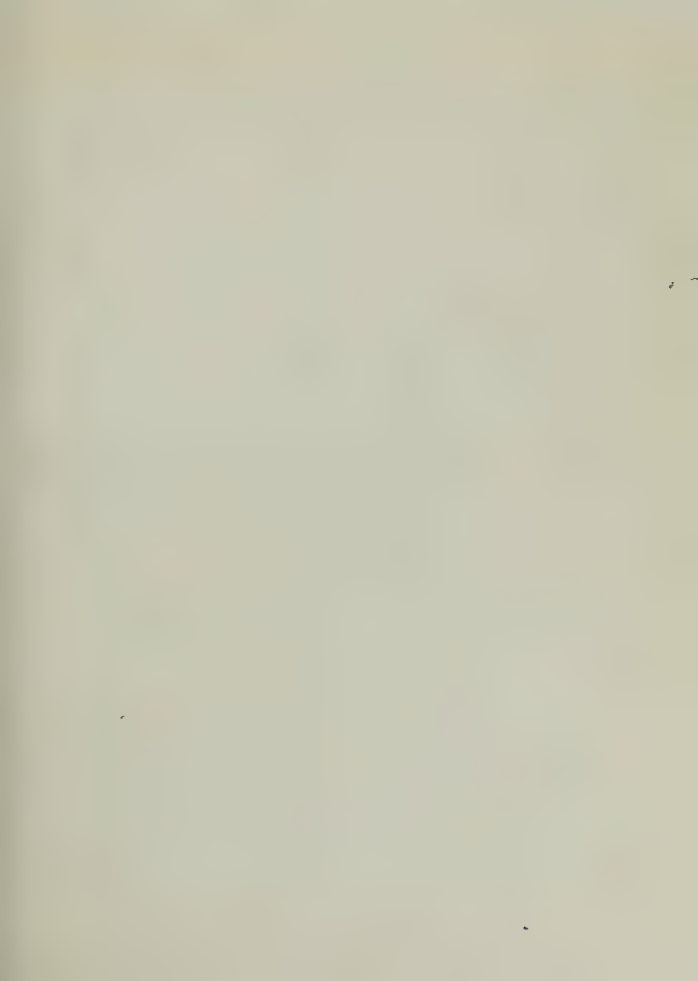
*Phe.*

But till that time

Come not thou near me : and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you ? Who might be your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched ? What though you have no  
beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed—  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?  
Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too !  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it :  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,





*Photo: Lafayette, Dublin.*

"As You Like It" (Mrs. Langtry as Rosalind).

*Rosalind.* [Reading.] "From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind." Act III., Sc. II.

# As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 5.

That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain ?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman : 'tis such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children :  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself : down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can : you are not for all markets :  
Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer :  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd : fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together :  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall  
in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she  
answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with  
bitter words. Why look you so upon me ?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine :  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.  
Will you go, sister ? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud : though all the world could see,  
None could be so abused in sight as he.  
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
“Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?”

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermined.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love : is not that neighbourly ?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too :  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop



# As You Like It.

Act III., Sc. 5.

To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft ;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;  
'Tis but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well ;  
But what care I for words ? yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth : not very pretty :  
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him :  
He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him  
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :  
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :  
For what had he to do to chide at me ?

Act IV., Sc. 1.

As You Like It.

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black ;  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :  
I marvel why I answer'd not again :  
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight ;  
The matter's in my head and in my heart :  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act Fourth.

Scene 1.

*The forest.*

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.*

*Jaq.* I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is

# As You Like It.

Act IV., Sc. I.

emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's ; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad ; and to travel for it too !

*Enter Orlando.*

*Orl.* Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind !

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.*

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller : look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you been all this

while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind. ~

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* I am your Rosalind. ~

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a

# As You Like It.

Act IV., Sc. 1.

holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. ~

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit? ~

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind? ~

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well in her person I say I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then in mine own person I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die

before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night ; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned : and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was “ Hero of Sestos.” But these are all lies : men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me ?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou ?

*Ros.* Are you not good ?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing ? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister ?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, “ Will you, Orlando—”



*From the painting by William Hamilton, R.A.*

“As You Like It.”

*Rosalind.* [To Orlando.] “To you I give myself, for I am yours.”

Act v., Sc. iv.





## As You Like It.

Act IV., Sc. 1.

*Cel.* Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder · make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say "Wit, whither wilt?"

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

# As You Like It.

Act IV., Sc. I.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[*Exit Orlando.*]

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. √

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be

Act IV., Sc. 2.

As You Like It.

out of the sight of Orlando : I'll go find a shadow and  
sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*The forest.*

*Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*A Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman  
conqueror ; and it would do well to set the deer's horns  
upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no  
song, forester, for this purpose ?

*For.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it : 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make  
noise enough.

SONG.

*For.* What shall he have that kill'd the deer ?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home ;

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn ;

It was a crest ere thou wast born :

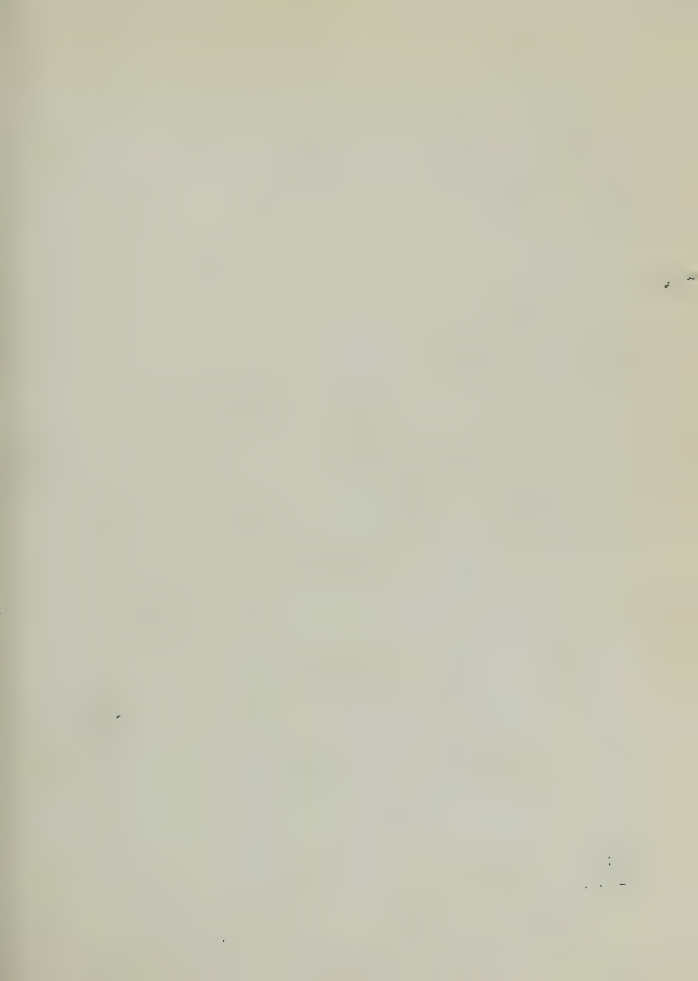
Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it :

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*





*Photo: Alfred Ellis & Watery, London.*

"As You Like It" (Miss Julia Neilson as Rosalind).

*Rosalind.* "Let no fair be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind." Act III., Sc. II.

Scene 3.

*The forest.*

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter Silvius.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;  
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:  
I know not the contents; but, as I guess  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter  
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:  
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;  
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,  
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents:

Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand ; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands :  
She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter :  
I say she never did invent this letter ;  
This is a man's invention and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian : women's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter ?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet ;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?

Can a woman rail thus ?

*Sil.* Call you this railing ?

*Ros.* [*Reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?

Did you ever hear such railing ?



# As You Like It.

Act IV., Sc. 3.

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect !  
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;  
How then might your prayers move !  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me :  
And by him seal up thy mind ;  
Whether that thy youth and kind  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me and all that I can make ;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I 'll study how to die.

*Sil.* Call you this chiding ?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd !

*Ros.* Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman ? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee ! not to be endured ! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her : that if she love me, I charge her to love thee ; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*

*Enter Oliver.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees ?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom :  
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream  
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description ;  
Such garments and such years : " The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister : the woman low  
And browner than her brother." Are not you  
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both,  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?

*Ros.* I am : what must we understand by this ?

*Oli.* Some of my shame ; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,

## As You Like It.

Act IV., Sc. 3.

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,  
And mark what object did present itself :  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd  
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush : under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;  
And he did render him the most unnatural  
That lived amongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando : did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back and purposed so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling  
From miserable slumber I awaked.

*Cel.* Are you his brother ?

*Ros.* Was 't you he rescued ?

*Cel.* Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

*Oli.* 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin ?

*Oli.* By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,  
As how I came into that desert place :—  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love ;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse.

# As You Like It.

Act IV., Sc. 3.

His broken promise, and to give this napkin  
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*]

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back  
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

Act Fifth.

Scene I.

*The forest.*

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown : by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.

*Enter William.*

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend ?

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William ?

*Will.* William, sir.

# As You Like It.

Act V., Sc. 1.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* "Thank God;" a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so so.

*Touch.* "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or,

Act V., Sc. 2.

As You Like It.

clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seeks you ; come, away, away !

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey ! trip, Audrey ! I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*The forest.*

*Enter Orlando and Oliver.*

*Orl.* Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that but seeing you should love her ? and loving woo ? and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you persevere to enjoy her ?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her that she loves me ; consent with both that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to



# As You Like It.

Act V., Sc. 2.

your good ; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena ; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.

[*Exit.*

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf !

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher ?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are : nay, 'tis true : there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame : " for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy ; and in these degrees,

have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not

# As You Like It.

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inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array ; bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have : it is my study  
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you :  
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ;  
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service ;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion and all made of wishes,  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance ;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you ?"

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of  
Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help  
you, if I can : [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could.  
To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will  
marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be  
married to-morrow : [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever  
I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow :  
[*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you  
contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.  
[*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet : [*To Sil.*] as  
you love Phebe, meet : and as I love no woman, I'll  
meet. So fare you well : I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene 3.

*The forest.*

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

*First Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

*Sec. Page.* We are for you : sit i' the middle.

*First Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

*Sec. Page.* I' faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :

Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, &c.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

*First Page.* You are deceived, sir : we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you ; and God mend your voices ! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

#### Scene 4.

#### *The forest.*

*Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.*

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised ?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,  
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.



*Photo: Alfred Ellis & Walery, London.*

"As You Like It" (Miss Dorothea Baird as Phebe).

*Phebe.* "Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together :  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo." Act III., Sc. v.





# As You Like It.

Act V., Sc. 4.

*Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged :

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter ;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter :

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd :

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me : and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

*[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]*

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter :

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter Touchstone and Audrey.*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all !

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome : this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up ?

*Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause ? Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear ; according as marriage binds and blood breaks : a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own ; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take

## As You Like It.

Act V., Sc. 4.

that that no man else will : rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house ; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed :—bear your body more seeming, Audrey :—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard : he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgement : this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true : this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lied : this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome : and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut ?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct ; and so we measured swords and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you

have books for good manners : I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous ; the second, the Quip Modest ; the third, the Reply Churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, " If you said so, then I said so ;" and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in If.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.*

*Still Music.*

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.  
Good duke, receive thy daughter :  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither,  
That thou mightst join her hand with his  
Whose heart within his bosom is.

## As You Like It.

Act V., Sc. 4.

*Ros.* [*To duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu !

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he :

I'll have no husband, if you be not he :

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

*Hym.* Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part :

You and you are heart in heart :

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord :

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning ;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :

O blessed bond of board and bed !

'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;  
High wedlock then be honoured :  
Honour, high honour and renown,  
To Hymen, god of every town !

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !  
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

*Phe.* I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;  
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter Jaques de Boys.*

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two :  
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot,  
In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here and put him to the sword :  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;  
Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise and from the world,  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restored to them again  
That were with him exiled. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man ;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :

# As You Like It.

Act V., Sc. 4.

To one his lands withheld, and to the other  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begot :  
And after, every of this happy number  
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity  
And fall into our rustic revelry.  
Play, music ! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,  
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,  
The duke hath put on a religious life  
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

*Jaq de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I : out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.  
[*To duke*] You to your former honour I bequeath ;  
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it :  
[*To Or.*] You to a love that your true faith doth  
merit :  
[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies :  
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed :  
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage  
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures :  
I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime I : what you would have  
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*  
*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,  
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

### Epilogue.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ;  
but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the  
prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,  
'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue ; yet to  
good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays  
prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What  
a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue  
nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good  
play ! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to  
beg will not become me : my way is to conjure you ;  
and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O  
women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of  
this play as please you : and I charge you, O men, for  
the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your  
simpering, none of you hates them—that between you  
and the women the play may please. If I were a  
woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards  
that pleased me, complexions that liked me and  
breaths that I defied not : and, I am sure, as many as  
have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will,  
for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*



# Glossary.

- Abused**, deceived, III. v.  
**Accord**, consent, V. iv.  
**Address'd**, prepared, V. iv.  
**Allottery**, portion, I. i.  
**Amaze**, perplex, I. ii.  
**An**, common Elizabethan form of *if*, IV. i.  
**Anatomise**, lay bare, I. i.  
**Answered**, satisfied, II. vii.  
**Antique**, ancient, II. i.; II. iii.  
**Argument**, reason, I. ii.; object, III. i.  
**As**, such as, II. i.  
**Assay'd** (a variant of *essay'd*), tried, I. iii.  
**Atalanta's better part**. The reference is probably to her beauty of form; Atalanta was also noted for swift-footedness, chastity, beauty of face, and spirituality. III. ii.  
**Atomies**, the most minute particles, such as appear in a sunbeam shed into a dark room, III. ii.  
**Atone together**, harmonize, are *at one*, V. iv.  
**Attorney**, "by attorney," by proxy, IV. i.  
**Banquet**, Elizabethan word for *dessert*, II. v.  
**Bastinado** (Spanish *bastonada*), flogging, V. i.  
**Batlet** (dim. of *bat*) a small bat used by laundresses for beating linen, II. IV.  
**Beholding**, beholden, IV. i.  
**Bestows himself**, bears himself, IV. iii.  
**Better**, greater, III. i.  
**Bills**, notices, advertisements, I. ii.  
**Blood**, affection, II. iii.; passion, V. iv.  
**Bob**, blow, rap, II. vii.  
**Bonnet**, term applied to any head-gear, male or female, III. ii.  
**Bottom**, "neighbour bottom," neighbouring dale, IV. iii.  
**Bounds of feed**, range of pasturage, II. IV.  
**Bow**, yoke, III. iii.  
**Bravery**, finery, II. vii.  
**Breathed**, "I am not yet well-breathed," I have not put forth all my exertions, I. ii.  
**Breather**, one who breathes, III. ii.  
**Breed**, bring up, educate, I. i.  
**Brief**, briefly, in short, IV. iii.  
**Broke**, broken, II. iv.  
**Broken music**. Various interpreted. Mason considers that the allusion is to the pipe of Pan, which was made of reeds of unequal length, gradually lessening, resembling a man's ribs. I. ii.  
**Browner**, darker, IV. iii.  
**Bugle**, a tube-shaped black glass bead, III. v.  
**Burden** (French *bourdon*), refrain, undersong, the recurring words in a song, III. ii.

## Glossary.

**Burghers**, free citizens, II. i.  
**Butchery**, place of slaughter, II. iii.

**Calling**, title, perhaps *position*, I. ii.

**Capable**, perceptible, III. v.

**Capon lined**. It was an Elizabethan custom to give presents, especially capons, to magistrates, as a means of securing their favour — hence the satirical allusion, II. vii.

**Capricious** (Ital. *capra*, a she goat), fantastical; literally frisking about like a goat (used quibblingly), III. iii.

**Carlot** (dim. of *carl*, a peasant), rustic, boor, III. v.

**Cast**, "cast lips," cast-off lips, III. iv.

**Censure**, criticism, IV. i.

**Change**, reverse, I. iii.

**Chanticleer**, the cock, II. vii.

**Character**, inscribe, III. ii.

**Charter**, privilege (of liberty), II. vii.

**Cheerly**, cheerily, II. vi.

**Chopt**, chapped, II. iv.

**Churlish**, niggardly, II. iv.

**Cicatrice**, scar; here used for mark, III. v.

**City-woman**, citizen's wife, II. vii.

**Civil**, grave, III. ii.

**Clap into't roundly**, begin it straight off without hesitating tricks, v. iii.

**Clown**, clumsy boor, II. iv.

**Clubs cannot part them**. "Clubs! Clubs!" was a cry to summon the

## As You Like It.

London apprentices, who were armed with clubs, to quell any affray at the outset, by parting the combatants. v. ii.

**Cods**, peas, properly husks, II. iv.

**Colour**, kind, I. ii.

**Combine**, bind, v. iv.

**Comfort**, comfort thee, II. vi.

**Commandment**, command, II. vii.

**Compact**, composed, II. vii.

**Complexion**, "good my complexion" = "goodness me!" III. ii.

**Conceit**, imagination, II. vii.; intellect, v. ii.

**Condition**, *i.e.*, of mind, I. ii.

**Conduct**, leadership, v. iv.

**Conned**, strictly "learnt by heart," here "wheedled," III. ii.

**Constant red**, the unmixed red of the lips, as contrasted with the mixed red and white ("mingled damask") of the complexion, III. v.

**Conversed**, associated, v. ii.

**Convertites**, converts, v. iv.

**Cony**, rabbit, III. ii.

**Cope**, encounter, tackle, II. i.

**Copulatives**, marrying couples, v. iv.

**Cote**, shepherd's hut or cottage, II. iv.

**Countenance**, authority, I. i.

**Counter**, a round base coin used in calculations (here applied contemptuously), II. vii.

**Counterfeit**, feign, sham, III. v.

**Cousin**, generic term to express kinship, I. iii.

**Cover**, lay the cloth, II. v.

# As You Like It.

## Glossary.

- Cross**, used with a play on the meanings of *misfortune* and *money* (the old penny bore a double cross), II. iv.
- Curtle-axe** (French *coutelas*), a short sword, I. iii.
- Damnable**, to be condemned, v. ii.
- Dearly**, intensely, I. iii.
- Defied**, disliked, Epil.
- Desperate**, lost, occult, v. iv.
- Device**, aims, I. i.
- Dial**, a pocket sun-dial, II. vii.
- Disable**, depreciate IV. i.
- Disabled**, disparaged, v. iv.
- Dishonest**, improper, immodest, v. iii.
- Disputable**, disputatious, II. v.
- Ditty**, strictly, the words of a song, not the music, v. iii.
- Dog-apes**, baboons, II. v.
- Dole**, sorrow, I. ii.
- Ducdame**, probably the corruption of an old Gaelic phrase used in a British game, and afterwards turned into a song-burden; it is said to mean in Gaelic, "This land is mine," II. v.
- Dulcet diseases**, sayings—hence, tags, v. iv.
- Effigies**, (from the Latin word), likeness, II. vii.
- Enchantingly**, as if by enchantment, I. i.
- Engage**, stake, v. iv.
- Estate**, settle, v. ii.
- Ethiope**, black, unflattering, IV. iii.
- Exempt**, remote, II. i.
- Expediently**, with expedition, III. i.
- Extent**, seizure, III. i.
- Exterminated**, exterminated, III. v.
- Eyne**, old plural form of *eye*, IV. iii.
- Fair**, fairness (adjective used as noun), III. ii.
- Fancy**, love, III. v.
- Fancy-mongers**, philanderers, III. ii.
- Fantasy**, fancy, II. iv.
- Favour**, aspect, IV. iii; countenance, v. iv.
- Feature**, general appearance, III. iii.
- Feeder**, shepherd (of the flock in prospect), II. iv.
- Feelingly persuade me**, convince me through my feelings, II. i.
- Fells**, woolly skins, III. ii.
- Fleet**, "fleet the time," cause the time to flit, or pass fleetly, I. i.
- Flout**, mock at, I. ii.
- Foil**, defeat, I. i.
- Fond**, foolish, II. iii.
- Forked heads**, (*forkheads*) arrows with two prongs stretching outwards like a fork, II. i.
- Formal**, dignified, II. vii.
- Foul**, unattractive, ugly, III. iii.; III. v.; v. iv.
- Free**, clear, guiltless, II. vii.
- Furnished**, attired. Epil.
- Gargantua's mouth**. Gargantua is Rabelais' large-throated giant, one of whose feats was to swallow five pilgrims, and their

## Glossary.

staves, in a salad. Although there was no English translation of Rabelais at this time, his exploits had appeared in chap-books, and his story was highly popular. III. ii.

**Gentility**, gentle birth, I. i.

**Gesture**, manner, bearing, v. ii.

**Glances**, darts, II. vii.

**God be wi' you**, God be with you; the original of *good-bye*, III. ii.

**God 'ild you**, God yield (reward) you, III. iii.

**God ye good even**, God give you good evening = good evening, v. i.

**Golden world**, the mythical Age of Gold, I. i.

**Good wine needs no bush**. This saying owes its origin to the custom of hanging a bush or tuft of ivy outside a vintner's door, observed in Warwickshire and elsewhere at wakes and statute-hirings by persons who did not sell ale at other times. Epil.

**Goths**, the Getæ, conquered by the Goths, and identified with them. Ovid was banished to Tomi, a town on the Black Sea, in the country of the Goths. The word is used here with a play on *goats*, pronounced in much the same way. III. iii.

**Grace me**, win me favour, v. ii.

**Gracious**, in favour, I. ii.

**Graff**, graft, III. ii.

**Gravelled**, stranded, IV. i.

## As You Like It.

**Handkercher**, handkerchief, IV. iii.

**Harm**, misfortunes, III. ii.

**Have with you**, come along, I. ii.

**Having**, ownership, III. ii.

**He**, man, III. ii.

**Headed**, brought to a head, II. vii.

**Heart**, affection, I. i.

**Hinds**, menials, I. i.

**Holla**, *i.e.*, control; literally, *stop*, III. ii.

**Hooping**, "out of all hooping," beyond all expressions of wonder, III. ii.

**Humorous**, full of whims (used by Shakespeare in a very wide sense), I. ii.; II. iii.; fanciful, IV. i.

**Hurtling**, din, IV. iii.

**Hyen**, hyæna, IV. i.

**Impressure**, impression, III. v.

**Incision**, "God make incision," the allusion is to the cure by blood-letting, III. ii.

**Incontinent**, immediately, v. ii.

**Indirect**, lawless, I. i.

**Insinuate**, introduce myself, Epil.

**Insomuch**, in as much as, v. ii.

**Intendment**, intention, I. i.

**Irish rat**. The superstitious Irish believed that their bards could *rime* either man or beast to death, and hence be-rimed rats had become a stock joke with Elizabethan writers. III. ii.

**Irks**, pains, II. i.

**Jars**, discords, II. vii.

**Judas's**, "browner than Judas's."

Judas was traditionally credited with red hair, and was thus represented in old paintings and tapestry, III. iv.

**Juno's swans**, should be *Venus'*, whom Ovid represents as drawn by swans, I. iii.

**Just**, just so, III. ii.

**Kind**, nature, IV. iii.

**Kindle**, incite, I. i.

**Kindled**, littered, brought forth, III. ii.

**Knoll'd**, chimed, (cf. *knell*), II. vii.

**Lack**, do without, IV. i.

**Learn**, teach, I. ii.

**Leer**, complexion, countenance, IV. i.

**Lief**, willingly, I. i. ; III. ii.

**Lined** = limned, drawn, III. ii.

**Lively**, life-like, v. iv.

**Lover**, mistress, III. iv.

**Make**, make fast, IV. i.

**Manage**, the term for training and handling horses, I. i.

**Matter**, good sense, meaning, II. i. ; v. iii.

**Measure**, strictly a slow, stately dance, but used of any kind of dance, v. iv.

**Mines**, undermines, I. i.

**Misprised**, disdained, I. i. ; I. ii.

**Mockable**, subject to mockery, III. ii.

**Mocks**, mockeries, III. v.

**Modern**, commonplace, II. vii. ; IV. i.

**Moe**, more, III. ii.

**Moonish**, variable like the moon, III. ii.

**Moral**, moralize, II. vii.

**Mortal in folly**, foolish in the most excessive degree, deadly foolish, II. iv.

**Motley**, alluding to the parti-coloured dress of fools, II. vii. ; used as a noun (fool), III. iii.

**Mutton**, sheep, III. ii.

**Napkin** (French *nappe*, cloth), handkerchief, IV. iii.

**Natural**, idiot, simple person, I. ii.

**Nature**, "of such a nature," whose business it is, III. i.

**Nature's sale-work**, ready-made articles, III. v.

**Naught**, "be naught awhile," a proverbial phrase denoting "a plague on you !" I. i.

**Needless**, un-needing, II. i.

**New-fangled**, fond of novelties, IV. i.

**Nice**, trifling, IV. i.

**Nurture**, gentle manners, II. vii.

**Observance**, attention, III. ii.

**Occasion**, "her husband's occasion," = to be caused by her husband, IV. i.

**Of**, "complain of," of the want of, III. ii.

**Offer'st fairly**, makest a fair offering or contribution, v. iv.

**Oliver**, "O sweet Oliver," a fragment of an old song, III. iii.

**Orchard**, garden (the original sense), I. i.

## Glossary.

## As You Like It.

**Owe**, "owe no man hate," bear no man hatred, III. ii.

**Painted cloth**, cloth or canvas used instead of tapestry as hangings for rooms, and painted with devices, figures, mottoes, etc., III. ii.

**Pantaloon**, a dotard, an old fool. The pantaloen was a stock comic character of the Italian stage; he wore *slippers*, spectacles, and a pouch, and was always represented as old, *lean*, and gullible. St. Pantaleon was the patron saint of Venice, and the character of pantaloen was typically Venetian. II. vii.

**Parcels**, every detail, III. v.

**Pard**, leopard, II. vii.

**Parlous**, perilous, III. II.

**Passing**, surpassingly, III. v.

**Pathetical**, pitiful, IV. i.

**Payment**, punishment, I. i.

**Peascod**, pea-pod or husk containing the peas. Many superstitions connected with peascods and love affairs formerly obtained, and green peas were favourite presents with lovers. II. iv.

**Peevish**, saucy, wilful, III. v.

**Perpend**, consider. III. ii.

**Petitionary**, imploring, III. ii.

**Phoenix**, "as rare as phoenix," only one phoenix was supposed to be alive at a time, and, according to Seneca, the bird was only born once in 500 years, IV. iii.

**Point-device**, faultlessly trim, III. ii.

**Poke**, pocket, II. vii.

**Poor**, "poor a thousand crowns," a poor thousand crowns (adjective inverted for the sake of emphasis), I. i.

**Practices**, schemes, II. iii.

**Practise**, plot, I. i.

**Present**, "thou present," thou being present, III. i.

**Presently**, directly, II. vi.

**Prevents**, forestalls, IV. i.

**Priser**, prize-fighter, II. iii.

**Prodigal portion**, portion of a prodigal, I. i.

**Profit**, proficiency, I. i.

**Prologues**, "the only prologues," only the prologues v. iii.

**Proper**, handsome, I. ii.

**Properer**, handsomer, III. v.

**Puisny**, inexperienced, inferior, III. iv.

**Purchase**, acquire, III. ii.

**Purgation**, exculpation, I. iii.; test, proof, v. iv.

**Purlieus**, the open land on the borders of a forest (the strict sense), IV. iii.

**Pythagoras**, a famous Greek philosopher, and the first to support the doctrine of metempsychosis or the passing of human souls into the bodies of animals, and *vice versa*, III. ii.

**Quail**, falter, II. ii.

**Question**, converse, III. iv.

**Quintessence**, an extract of the most essential and purest part of anything; in mediæval philosophy, the fifth or highest

- essence or element (apart from the four elements), III. ii.
- Quip**, a smart (generally sarcastic) saying, V. iv.
- Quit**, acquit, III. i.
- Quotidian**, a fever, of which the paroxysms return every day—hence, a symbol of the love fever, III. ii.
- Ragged** (*rugged*), rough, rancous, II. v.
- Rank**, row, IV. iii.
- Rankness**, full-bloodedness—hence, impudence, presumption, I. i.
- Rascal**, sporting term for a lean, ill-conditioned deer, III. iii.
- Recks**, cares, II. iv.
- Recountments**, narrations, IV. iii.
- Recover'd**, restored, IV. iii.
- Religious**, a monk, III. ii.
- Remembrance**, “for your father’s remembrance,” in memory of your father, I. i.
- Remorse**, pity, I. iii.
- Removed**, remote, III. ii.
- Render**, describe, IV. iii.
- Reverence**, “his reverence,” the reverence due to him, I. i.
- Ripe**, grown-up, IV. iii.
- Roundly**, briskly, V. iii.
- Royish**, rude, low, II. ii.
- Sad**, serious, III. ii.
- Saws**, sayings, II. vii.
- Scrip**, shepherd’s pouch or bag, III. ii.
- Seeks**=seek, V. i.
- Seeming**, seemingly, V. iv.
- Se’nnight**, (sevensnight), a week, III. ii.
- Sententious**, terse, pithy, V. iv.
- Shadow**, a shady nook, IV. i.
- She**, woman, III. ii.
- Show**, appear, I. iii.
- Shrewd**, evil, V. iv.
- Simples**, medicinal herbs, IV. i.
- Sir**, a title bestowed upon the inferior clergy, from *dominus* (sir), the academical title of a Bachelor of Arts, III. iii.
- Smother**, a dense, suffocating smoke, I. ii.
- So**, provided that, if, I. ii.
- Sorts**, classes, I. i.
- Speed**, helper, I. ii.
- Spleen**, “of spleen,” by impulse, IV. i.
- Squandering**, random, II. vii.
- Stay**, stay for, III. ii.
- Sticks**, stabs, I. ii.
- Still**, ever, I. ii.
- Still music**, soft music, V. iv.
- Straight**, straightway, III. v.
- Successfully**, “he looks successfully,” like success, I. ii.
- Suddenly**, with haste, II. ii.
- Suit**, used with a play on the senses of *dress* and *petition*, II. vii.
- Suits**, favours, I. ii.
- Sure**, joined fast, V. iv.
- Surgery**, surgical treatment, III. ii.
- Swashing**, swaggering, I. iii.
- Swift**, smart, witty, V. iv.
- Ta’en up**, made up, V. iv.
- Taxation**, censure, satire, I. ii.
- Tempered**, blended, diluted, I. ii.



## Glossary.

**Thatched house**, "Jove in a thatched house," referring to the story of Baucis and Philemon, III. iii.

**Thought**, melancholy, dejection, IV. i.

**Thrasonical** (from *Thraso*, a boaster in Terence's comedy "Eunuchus"), bragging, boastful, v. ii.

**Thrice-crowned queen**, as Luna, Diana, and Hecate, ruler respectively of heaven, earth, and the nether world, III. ii.

**Thrifty**, "thrifty hire," savings by thrift out of the hire, II. iii.

**Touches**, features, traits, III. ii.

**Toy**, trifle, III. iii.

**Traverse**, crossways, III. iv.

**Trow you**, do you know; strictly, to *believe*, III. ii.

**Turn'd into**, brought into, IV. iii.

**Uncouth**, strange, wild, II. vi.

**Unexpressive**, inexpressible, III. ii.

**Unkind**, unnatural (old sense) II. vii.

**Unquestionable**, "unquestionable spirit," unwilling to converse, III. ii.

**Untuneable**, not tuneful (perhaps, discordant in the rendering), v. iii.

## As You Like It.

**Up**, "kill them up," the *up* is intensive, II. i.

**Vengeance**, harm, IV. iii.

**Villain**, bondman (used here with a play on the present sense of the word), I. i.

**Voice**, vote, II. iv.

**Ware**, aware, II. iv.; wary, chary, II. iv.

**Warp**, change the aspect of, II. vii.

**Waste**, consume, II. vii.

**Ways**, "come your ways," come on, I. ii.

**Weak evils**, diseases caused by weakness, II. vii.

**Week**, "it is too late a week," used somewhat vaguely, equivalent to "too late in the day," II. iii.

**Wherein went he**, what clothes did he wear? III. ii.

**Where you are**, what you mean, v. ii.

**Woeful**, "woeful ballad," ballad expressive of woe, II. vii.

**Woman of the world**, a married woman, v. iii.

**Wrath**, heat, ardour, v. ii.

**You**, "to look you," seeking for you, II. v.







